the door immovable, held shut by the mass of gravel that had fallen against it. The discovery left her aghast.
"Why now-if I can't get out, and nobody has the least notion where I am, why-it's 'most like bein' buried alive!"
The struction was alive.

The situation was disheartening, but

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

By Carrie Blake Morgan.

(Copyrighted, 1895, The S. S. McClure of you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophroham Spencer came up the lane work while they're here."

Abraham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton hanckerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly best forward from the hine, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set like heavily-shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical cel vigor as well as mental decision. He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holiand blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckies, there was no response, save

There is a series of the work of the work for you for nothlin! I reckon. "Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Suphrony to work for you for nothlin! I reckon." "My land, Sairy how often 've I got to tall you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was mother—"

MIS Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered, weak-she woman, her scant hair was from gray, her hands were hardened and wallow. Just now it was as near will be always was deep-lined and blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckies, there was no response, save

I never knowed you to act up so knuckies, there was no response, save a startled 'cuk, cuk, cuk!' from an old

a startled 'cuk, cuk, cuk,' from an outhen with a brood of downy chicks waijowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange,' he
mattered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've
thought Sairy d go away from home
this way, all of a sudden. She dish't
say a word about it at noontime. She's
never dolle such a thing before, as I
know of."

He stood still for a little while, medi-

He stood still for a little while, meditaively rubbing his thumbs and fore-ingers together while he pondered the imprecedented situation. "Couldn't be asleep, I recken," he conjectured. "Never knew her to

conjectured. "Never knew her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless, he came down the steps and went around the house to a cham-her window, where he parted a tangle of hopvines and rapped sharply on the sash.

'Sairy!" he called, "Sairy! are you to

"Sairy!" he called, "Sairy! are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep; then the shade was lifted at one side, and a thin, startled, cheerly face looked out.

"What on earth's the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demended Abraham Speacer, in a high-pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north meader and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Speacer rolled up the shade and lifted the sash with hands that irembled.

"Come, now, speak up quick," added

"Come, now, speak up quick," added

"Come, now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm go-in' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em."
Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly and there were tears in he voice, as well as in her eyes. "The Abra'm I kep' 'em out a-purpose."

"Tou-what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the cars that had served him well for nearly three score years.

"I kep' 'em out a-purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mostal tired and miser-bie to care what becomes of me. I ain't hale year to core years.



"What on Earth's the Matter, Sairy, What's the Bouse All Shut Up Like a Jail Por!"

"I never knowed you to act up so steps the brood of little chickens met cranky, Sairy, I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time for away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

went marriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot, and waved the pie at them frantically; to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhyncarson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em iknock, shall I?"
"Tell her anything you like," was the

psinfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said, sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble, and couldn't think of a single comfortin' thing 'o say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone; I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't believe in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can believe in't never heard such seand'lous doctring since I was uch scand'lous doctrine since I was

The situation was disheartening, but the direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon them.

For an hour or more her mental worry an her "rheumatis" united in tosmenting her, then came sleep, and wooed her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning, and no disturbing voice to She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.



"She Could Make Out the Figure of a Man Standing By the Bars

reply, in a strange, still voice that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't, ought to have a clear understand-look in the look in the loo

"It shift bothing that I want to talk about Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope, that's all. I'm tired of livin' and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands. "Don't say that. Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of trying to find out: I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any

of us know what death is."

"We all know R's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her ellows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red-rimmed, unlovely

No, we don't even know that," said "No, we don't even know that." said Mrs. Howard, with impressive carnest-ness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the living, thinking suffering part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave. what's the House All Shut Up Like a Jail Por!"

over Sund'y, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynear-sons—"

"Them Rhynearsons are my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer, and so long's I have a roof over my head, my friends are welcome under it, wouldn't 've believed such a thing of you. Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're fired, but I don't make that an excurs for slightlin' my friends." But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on em, altra'm, when you're go tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and—"

"Don't begin that old tune all over "And's posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a callin' maybe it stays with us in the grave

she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy door opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated jerks. Each time a blackberry vine was wrenched out by the roots it brought down a shower of loosened gravel upon her defenseless head, from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side. But at last a dark aper-ture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why

bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dugout in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornield. It had been constructed for a poiato cellur, and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge over all other nooks and crannies on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house; so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day. She partly unroked the blankers and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky with a deep-drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn shut out the horizon, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky, and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the cornbiades, precursor of the coming night.

coming night.

After a time dark shadows began creeping along the furrows, as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purphing firmament above two or three paie stars took form and blinked coldly down at her. She sat up and shivered, and her heart sunk a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night. lonely night.

lonely night.
"Dew's a-fallin'!" she exclaimed in dismay, with care for her rheumatism, and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast-gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands before ar away with her naked hands before

Mr. she aroke spindingly and there were found in which is a support of the point of

a starvin."

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her, hard, meager life she had never before known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her eyes filled and the vision was for a time shut out. When she locked again, the cutiling smoke was scarcely discernible, and all the angles of the old house were toned down by the softening shadow of approaching night.

She could make out the figure of a man standing by the bars. It might be one of the rands, or—it might be—yes, it was Abra'm. He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and she knew him by the forward stoop of was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever

it was Abra'm. He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and the knew him by the forward stoop of his body, and that characteristic something in the way he set his feet down as he waiked.

She thought he would go in at the kitchen door, but he passed on around to the front porch and sat down, alone, on the steps.

Presently t struck her that his bead was bowed upon his hands, and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shadows lay was done. The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer,

Abra'm!"
She shricked his name aloud again and agair, each frenzied effort shriller than the last, but the narrow crevices threw the greater part of the sound back into the cellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still, with bent head, unhearing, until the night had thickened and shirt him from her sight.

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tomenting her, then came sleep, and woosel her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning, and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin!-up time."

But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry it little chickens, the lowing of unmilked cows, and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him," droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched, haunting nightmare, "Tirat that Mis Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight with the yellow giint of a well-risen sun in it, was forcing its way into the celiar through a creving of a pair of wrens in the black-berry vines outside, and the scurry of a rat that scampered acroes the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in a corner. This served to draw her attention to her surroundings.

In an opposite bin lay some sorry-looking jotatoes, with long ghostly-white sprouts and a winding sheet of cobwebs. Near the centre of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet iron stove, with some rusty joints of piperising shekingly to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hived men had set

floor stood a battered old sheet from stove, with some rusty joints of pipe rising shekingly to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March, and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A fozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burnt tobacco lay on its hearth, forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the ple and bottle of milk. The latter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rat hole in the corner, Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but—slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly suid I wished I was dead, but —slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud and shrank from the sound of her cwn voice, it was so shut in and sepuichral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onsiaught without a tremor. She desisted at length and sat down on an upturned apple box, exhausteds and gasping for breath. The place was stifling. Oh for a breath of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her mouth and throat were parched. She opened the bottle of milk and took a portion. She was tempted to drink it all at one corked it up again, resolutely.

During the long hours of that formon she stracked the door repeatedly, but always futilely, and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian and was beating down meridessly on her retreat, she gave up, and bursting into a wild fit of weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay down in her blankers.

Hours lafer, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened in the would rome back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to freighten him away; and all the nights after—when her poor body might lie there lifeless, at his mercy.

She wondered, with an away to his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening less the return. She bould have less strength to the return. She would have less strength to would come back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to the routraged with a tremor.

She wondered with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening less the would come back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to reight a tremor. She would come back tomorrow night, when he return. She old have less strength to return the would come back tomorrow night, when he return. She would have less strength to return the would come back tomorrow night. When he would come back to

on the steps.

Presently t struck her that his head was bowed upon his hands, and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shadows lay deep between. Still, the longer she looked the more his fading outline seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that sorrow, rather than anger, ruled in her husband's heart.

He ain't mad at me. I just seem to feel he ain't mad at me. Oh, Abra'm, Abra'm!

She shricked his name aloud again

sieepless eyes on the old farm.

The hired men were awakened by the excised voice of Abraham Spencer, shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The potato cellar's a-fire!"

He was away, with two great pails of water in his hands, before the men were fatrly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and, as they approached, he suddenly dropped his pal's and, falling upon his knees, crept close to the charred chusm in the roof Leaning far over, he shaded his eyes and peered keenly into the steaming depths below. A faint moan had reached him, and now, as he listened, another came quivering up to him.

"My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's down there, boys! Salry! Run for shovels! Oh run! run!"

He, himself, ran like a madman, but only a little way; then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the failen gravel with his hands, and beat and tore at the door use!! The heavy boards, all stained with rest then, Mis' Spencer?

The hardly drag one foot after the other, and—"

"Don't begin that old time all over again. I've heard it a many a time aircady. You're gettin' so you're always compositinit, and if there's anything hate it's a nagain' woman. New, understand, I'm goin' after the Blymeurians; I'm going to make 'em you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear it'ings goin' on without was nawy from home, or asleep, or what it's away from home, or asleep, or what it's interest and hear it'n goin' to method and you, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin' to methog and you another, as further the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the door and shut kin from her sight.

The black hours that followed were the do the door the chickens, and some other woman's voice a callin'. The black hours that followed were shut a some agreed out-shut and some matches, as she groped the door the chickens, and some other woman's voice a callin'. The black hours that followed were sum as she groped the door and shut kin from her sight.

The black hours that followed were the door on the shut for the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the door and shut kin from her sight.

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The black hours that followed were the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the door the shut a some matches, as she groped the door the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the door the shut file and sum the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the chickens, and some matches, as she groped the door the shut file and sum the chickens, and some ma

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ence Mine, Colorado, Montana Mine

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ing Co., and many others.

WHOLESALE E BROADWAY (=

was upon her and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain

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of Some Maidens,

Have you any idea how popular you bethe provises at the window. She felt path when she attempted to move, and there were bandances on her hands, her head and her neck; but the pain was not acute, and the southing effect of an opinite still imgreed with her. Same where in the outcut with her same where in the kitchen, as her felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his srough voice.

"Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is limited to small affairs of the same son went home double-quick when are son went home double-quick when are son went home double-quick when are red."

"She klosed her eyes to hide the starting tears, but they forced their way through the interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned to him, and spoke tite thought that filled her heart.

"Of Abra'm, it was so long: Why didn't you try to find me? Way didn't you try to find me? w when she attempted to move, and there entering upon the dancing and eligible were bandages on her hands, her head stage? It is a thing really beautiful to

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